WHITE.

THE FIRST ELECTRIC STREET-CARS.

Reight of the Tower of the Richmond City Hall-The Escape from Libby Prison Through the Tunnel-

To the Editor of the Dispatch; Please publish the poem called, "Old and In the Way." "MOTHER." And oblige,

well, let some one send us a copy.

No Eclipse of the Moon. To the Editor of the Dispatch When did it ever happen in a year be-

When did it ever mapped fore this one that there was no eclipse fore this one that there was no eclipse READER. Gold Rock, N. C. It happened in 1883, and is not a very

rare occurrence.

The City-Hall Tower.

How high is the tower on the City Hall

The measurement of the City Hall tower by plan is as follows: From sidewalk to apex of tower, 188 feet; from spex to top of finial, 8 feet. Total height from sidewalk to top of finial, 196 feet.

The Libby-Prison Tunnel.

To the Editor of the Dispatch: If not too much trouble, I should like to know the names of the two Union officers who escaped through the tunnel at Libby prison during the late war.
SUBSCRIBER.

Colonel Streight, Major Rose, and more than a hundred others escaped, though many were recaptured.

Cement Out of Old Paper. To the Editor of the Dispatch;

Please give recipe for making cement old paper for filling cracks in rs, etc. I have seen such an one ewhere, but have forgotten it. Oblig-Very truly.

We should be glad to print the recipe if furnished us. We have no copy of it.

General Cooper.

To the Editor of the Dispatch: In your issue of 3d instant (or perhaps the Sunday previous), you gave the "gene-rals" of the Confederate States army How about General S. Cooper, Adjutant-General? Was he not a full "general" and senior to those named? N. M. D.

Yes; General Cooper was a full general. His name was accidentally omitted.

School-House by the Road. To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Will you have the kindness to publish are as follows: "Still stands the school-house by the

A ragged beggar sunning." If we are furnished with a copy perhaps we may find it suitable for our columns.

The First Electric-Cars

To the Editor of the Dispatch: Will you kindly inform me in what year

A Question of Interest.

Please work out this example, for me: What is the compound interest on 1 cent for ten years, at 6 per cent per annum? IGNOTUS.

1.06 raised to the tenth power =1.790848. \$.01X1.799848= 8.01790848 = amount

Ans. S.00790848 - interest asked for. To raise 1.06 to tenth power, multiply it by itself nine times or use it as a factor

White Slippers and Stockings.

To the Editor of the Dispatch: Has it ever been fashionable to wear white slippers and white stockings in the merning-say, to church? Yours, etc., Houston, Va.

About three summers ago, and continuing until last summer, it was customary to wear white slippers, and ties, with white stockings, when wearing white lyesses, even to church. Whether this was a reviyal of a former custom we cannot say, though some of the oldest people in the city recall no such fashion before the time mentioned.

A Problem.

To the Editor of the Dispatch: Take a rectangle 13 units long and 5 its wide; lay it off into 65 little squares to sides of 1 unit. Draw a diagonal to a rectangle, dividing it into two large gles. At a distance of 8 units from vertix of each of these triangles

aw lines across each triangle parallel the end of the rectangle. We will en have the rectangle divided into two triangles and two trapezoids. We can then take the two small triangles place them together, and under and hing them place the two trapezoids ther, so as to form a large square a 8 small squares on one side and 8 the other, or 64 small squares in all. stion is. What becomes of the splus little square, since the rectangle nd the large square are composed of

ancily the same pieces of cardboard? PUZZLER. In the two large triangles of the rectangle we have the proportion from similar

triangles 13:5::8:3-not 3, and the two small

triangles and two trapezoids put together apparently in a square 8 x 8, do not form a Equare at all, but make a figure less than 1 1

the square, $8 \rightarrow \times \rightarrow$, by a small rectangle ×3-. This would become apparent if

the unit or side of each small square were as much as 1 inch or more, but when much smaller 1-13 of the unit is not perceptible. and the figure seems a square 8 × 8.

Why Cruisers Are Painted White-

To the Editor of the Dispatch: Why are United States cruisers painted white? Would not a sembre or water color afford a less conspicuous target in case of war?

Respectfully, Fork Union, Va. The paint of the hulls of the United black to white because, with the latter

States war-vessels was changed from color on the ships, there was a marked improvement in the temperature of the Vessels in hot weather; that is, they were, approximately speaking, seven or eight degrees cooler with white paint than with black.

The question of the proper paint to uee in time of war is one that has never

been settled definitely, but at present, probably the best opinion in such matters leans towards a dark, olive-green olor as being the least conspleuous at WHY OUR WARSHIPS ARE PAINTED night or during daylight. Of course, the question of visibility of torpedoboats at night, when exposed to electric-light must also be considered. Darkolive-green seems also the best color to prevent visibility under these conditions.

To Divide \$3 Between Two.

To the Editor of the Dispatch: . Please answer the following: If I wish to divide 33 between two men, and give one one-third more than 1 do the other, how much will I have to give each man,

Skippers, Va. For proportional numbers, suppose one

man's share to be-of itself, then the other man's share will be-of the first, and both shares will be-of the first. Then-of the first is \$3.00, and the first is \$3.00 divided by-or multiplied by for \$3.00+-=

=1.2855. \$1.2855+3=\$.4235+\$1.2855 8.4285-\$1.7140. The sum of the 2 shares will be \$1.7140+\$1.285=\$2.999+or \$3. The farther the decimals are carried the nearer they approach \$3.00, but practically it is sufficient to carry the answers to mills. Hence, answers \$1.714 and \$1.285,

How Tomatoes Are Preserved in Italy.

(Chambers's Journal.) In every house and cottage the pre-serving of tomatoes is carried on. Ter-races, balconies, and even the flat roofs of the houses are half covered with plates containing the deep-red substance. After gathering, the tomatoes intended for preserve are spread out for some hours in the sun till the skin has somewhat shrunk. They are then passed through a sleve so that they may be through a sieve so that they may be freed both from seeds and skins. As they contain a large proportion of water, the substance which has been passed through the sieve must be hung in bags, from which the water exudes, and soon a pool of dirty-looking water is formed beneath each bag. Strange to say, it is in no way tinged with red. The mixture which remains in the bags has the consistency of a very thick paste. It is then saited, the proportion being a little less than an ounce of eait to a pound of preserve. The process now requires that it should be spread on flat plates, exposed to the sun, and stirred from time to time with a wooden spoon, so that the upper part may not form a crust, while underneath it remains soft. It is a picturesque sight when the women are to be seen flitting about on their roofs and terraces, attending to their deep-red preserve, their colored handkerchiefs flung on their heads to screen them from the rays of the hurging sun when it is at its fiercest. the burning sun when it is at its fiercest. In the evening the contents of the various plates are taken in and stirred up together, for, if moistered by the night dew, the whole would be spoiled. After being exposed to the sun for seven or

eight days, the same process being re-peated each day, the preserve is finished and placed in jars for winter use. Though it is used by all classes of peryou have the kindness to publish the poem the first lines of which than to the rich, for the latter can make use of the fresh tomatoes preserved in cans. Tomatoes may be tinned whole, cans. as we know from those usually imported into England from America. But in Italy the fruit is usually passed through Italy the fruit is usually passed through a sieve, the pulp being then placed in tins, which are immediately soldered and then put in boiling water for five minutes. The original flavor is thus retained. The cost of a small tin is half a franc, so it is, as a rule, beyond the means of the poor. The price of the prewill you kindly inform me in what year and in what city the first electric car was run in these United States? and oblige, yours truly.

"Experimental cars" were run in several cities prior to those run in Richmond, Va., but this city enjoys the distinction of kaving run "the first commercial electric street" railway cars in the United States.

means of the poor. The price of the preserve is seldom more than 8 pence a pound, and a little of it goes very far; but those who are thrifty take care to make it for themselves, the cost then being absolutely insignificant. It is chiefly used by them for flavoring their maccaroni in the winter; in fact, there are very few dishes which are not improved by a little tomato preserve, and it finds favor in all classes.

Vineta.

To the Editor of the Dispatch: In the Dispatch of January 8th is published a poem, called, "Vineta," by Wilhelm Muller. I suppose it is a translaion from the German; and, as the ention from the German; and, as the enclosed, "The Sunken City," is even more musical and beautiful, I thought you might like to give it a place in your columns, and gratify many readers, as well as your correspondent.

Very truly,

A. J. LITTLE.

Fredericksburg, Va., January 12, 1897.

THE SUNKEN CITY. (From the German of Muller.)
The bells of evening, from the deep sea

Peal faint and hollow their melodious Strange tidings of a wonder city bring-'Neath its waves 'whelmed in the olden

And, though the tide of ocean, ever

streaming, Lashes the place of that old city's grave; Its golden battlements are still seen

At evening, mirror'd in the lightest

And once the boatman, who has seen them glisten
In the clear twilight, with enchanted

He lingers, spellbound, for those chimes to listen. Though rocks rise threatening in his ocean way.

Thus to the heart, like those sweet chimes, comes often
A strange, sad voice, from memory's

phantom shore; And wayward thoughts the dreamer's vision soften, Of love, long vanished-to return no

The faded ruins of a world once splen-

Now deeply buried in the Past's dim

With thoughts and hopes that long ago seemed ended.
In dreams of midnight rise again to me. Beneath the rays, which memory's light

was flinging.
I long to vanish in those dim waves' And angel voices, to my spirit singing, Call me to memory's Wonder City

Notice to Correspondents.

No notice will be taken of anonymous mmunications. In answering queries our first attention will be given to the letters of those correspondents who ask but one question

We cannot publish copyrighted songs

COTTOLENE.

THE WEST THE WAST If your food is soggy, greasy, indigestible Ottolene The N. K. Fairbank Company,

St. Louis, Chicago, New Orleans, Baltimor

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This column is not an advertising me dium. No query will receive attention the answer to which would necessitate the advertising of any person's business

"strings" of questions. Every week numbers of correspondents ignore this rule of ours, and afterwards wonder why their queries are not answered.

Many queries are not answered because similar ones have been recently answered.

We cannot undertake to ascertain the value of old coins. For that information write to some dealer in them We cannot undertake to answer queries

by mail; we can only answer them through this column We are frequently called upon to republish poems and songs, but we will not undertake to do so, except where the production called for has some historical or peculiar literary merit, and is

N. B. We do not read unsigned letters.

not of easy access to the average reader.

Address 'Query Editor, Dispatch Office,

"Babbling of Green Fields."

To the Editor of the Dispatch: Professor Hart's admirable article in last Sunday's Dispatch was inspired by one in the New York Critic of November 28th by Mr. Locke Richardson, who is, I believe, a reciter of Shakespeare's plays. Mr. Richardson attempts in his article to prove that Falstaff's dying words, as quoted-or, rather, misquotedby Mrs. Quickly, were the 23d Psalm. which the old sinner was raminar with in his religious youth; he thinks it is clear that Mrs. Quickly's description, "a babbled of green fields," bore unmistakable reference to David's, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures," which the knight was repeating, and, in support of his contention, he refers to Falstaff's having been a choirboy, "versed in the Creed and the Cate-chism," "well instructed in Christian doctrines and virtues; the need of repentance; the scheme of salvation," etc.,

There is no question that Falstaff was well versed in the fundamental doc-trines of the Christian religion, but admitting that is far from proving that David's words were on his lips as their last utterance, when we have only four words of an ignorant, vulgar, ill-bred words of an ignorant, vulgar, ill-bred tavern hostess to "clinch" the claim, and which words could refer only to a that he babbled of shepherds, or of "still waters," or of death valleys? She was present with him, was probably bending over him, and must have heard him clearly. As a matter of fact, he did not "babble of green fields," if Mr. Richardson's interpretation is the correct one. In referring to this, he says: "May we not here detect another Says: Any we not here detect another Shakespearian touch, in thus making Mrs. Quickly misunderstand and misquote Falstaff's words? Even at the last moment there is an intimation of the social difference in rank and intelligence between Sir John and the low-born hostess of a tayern." It does not seem at tess of a tavern." It does not seem at all probable that such a person as Mis-tress Quickly would do anything of the sort. She was literal, if anything, as the ignorant usually are, and "green pastures" would have been to her, as a primrose was in another case, green pastures and nothing else, unless it be "green pasters." We would not expect

"green pasters." We would not expect a person like Mistress Quickly to be pro-lifle of snyonyms. Her description of the fat knight's death was minute and circumstantial to a hair. It could not have been more so had she been testifying before a "crowner's 'quest." More-over, the trustful, comforting words of the Psalmist would not be likely to be on the lips of such a sinner as Falstaff was, in extremis, and would not at all harmonize with his subsequent agonize "comfort him" and bid him "not to think of God." And, again, it is hard to conceive of the dying knight fumbling with the sheets, playing with flowers, and smiling upon his finger's ends—manifesting ante-mortem mental decay—reverently repeating at the same time a psalm of David, or any Scriptural verse rently repeating at the same time a psalm of David, or any Scriptural verse or logical discourse whatever, and making his peace with God. Rather would we think of him as, in his mind, a child again, wandering in the scenes of his innocency and youth, and prattling in-coherently about them, as there is no coherently about them, as there is no doubt that Shakespeare intended to delineate him. And it seems evident that just before the end consciousness returned (as is often the case) to him, and with it the fear of death, which had always haunted him, and bence his invocation or supplication of "God, God, God!" and his request to have more clothes laid on his feet. The whole deathbed scene is a perfectly natural, simple one, and the description of it was,

appropriately, put in the mouth of a per-fectly natural and simple person. It would seem, therefore, unnecessary and superfluous to search for a strained and far-fetched explanation or "interpretation" of what is itself so complete and patent.

As to the point made by Professor Hart, that "there were no green pastures in the 23d Psalm" at the ime of Falstaff's death, I cannot speak, nor have I written at all, as a scholar or critic, as it is, perhaps, unnecessary for me to say, but merely as one who takes me to say, but merely as one who takes an interest in such questions; but if Mr. Hart's contention is a fact, Mr. Richardson is disposed of without more ado, and he will probably be "sorry" that

he "spoke."

In what I have written, as in Mr. Richardson's and Mr. Hart's articles, also, Theobald's emendation of "babbled," is, of course, allowed. It is interesting to note the substitutes which have at note the substitutes which have at various times been proposed for Mistress Quickly's phrase, as reproduced by Mr. Richardson from the last Cambridge Edition—namely, "upon a table of green fells"; "on a table of green frieze"; "as stubble on shorn fields"; "on a table of greasy fell"; "and the bill of a green finch." Taking all things into consideration, the greatness of the poet, the chartens of the poet, the chartens of the poet, the chartens of the poet the chartens of the poet. tion—the greatness of the poet, the char-acter of the subject, and the vehicle of speech employed—it is hard to under-stand how any one of these substitutes could have been seriously proposed. If we reject Theobald's emendation we are free to suit ourselves; then, taking into account the knight's personal appearance—his ponderous bulk, "surfeit-swell-ed" which "larded the lean earth," his "knotty pate"—and his insatiable, Mistress his "knotty pate"—and his insatiable, bibulous appetite; and, also, Mistress Quickly's avocation, which should reasonably suggest a professional smile before another sort, might we not construct a phrase which would be more in keeping with the "fitness of things" than are those above given? The fat knight's nose was most certainly of the "knobby," or, bubbly sort, the "old toper's" nose, and the product of innumerable potations of sack. When, on his death-bed, it had lost this familiar appearance, so as to attract the professional eye of Mistress Quickly and cause her to comment on it, would it not be reasonable, if not plausible, to suppose her saying: "His It, would it not be reasonable, if not plausible, to suppose her saying: "His nose was as sharp as a pin, and not bubbled of good fluids?" There we have a perfectly consistent description, and we don't have to get away from the facts to explain it, and Mistress Quickly's sudden discursion is done for. I cheerfully donate 'his reading to those critics who think it is necessary to go a thousand think it is necessary to go a thousand miles off to hunt for what is immediately

under their nose. They will, of course, appreciate the seriousness with which the gift is made. G. W. C. Heroes of Faith.

(The Observations of a Philosophical Friend of Ours.) All heroes are heroes of faith. All energy and effort works on faith. And no man can be a hero or half a man without faith. Blind infatuation is akin to absolute faith. In both cases the whole heart and soul and mind and body are given up to one idea. In one case,

intelligently, with concentrated and in-tense life; in the other, with mere con-densed brutish force. But both are near to being irresistible—opposition must give to being irresistible—opposition must give way. A great historian says: Fools and cowards have sometimes won battles, debating societies, never. "Fearful com-menting is leaden servitor to dull delay. Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary." A man's judgment may be wrong, and yet his faith perfect. Saul of wrong, and yet his faith perfect. Saul of Tarsus was as essentially a hero of faith as Paul the Apostle. The same man, at one time, appeared as a hero of the law, irresistible and relentless, at another, as a hero of the Gospel, daring, enduring, suffering all things for those whom he had just now persecuted. Absolute faith in his cause made him in both cases a hero of the highest order.

Exith is the measure of menhood and

hero of the highest order.

Faith is the measure of manhood, and the measure of life. Neither not nor cold, believing in nothing and caring for nothing, is the condition of nonexistence. And yet, from this life of the oyster to the life of the eagle, from the vesetation of the nonentity, that may be cut out of a cheese paring, to the highest hero who lives by faith, there are grades of being. Faith in realities and truths, faith in good and faith in bad, faith in things as they are, faith in the course of things as they are, faith in the course of things, faith in causes and effects, faith in the certainty of law, faith in virtue. faith in excellence, and faith in the vileness of vice; all this makes up faith in our own existence. And faith in our own existence and its conditions necessitates faith in God. Faith is not only the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things unseen, but faith is life itself. The just live by faith, realizing the providence of God, living, alizing the providence of God, living, moving, having their being consciously, pleasingly, in Him, as in the light of the sun. Indeed, the sun is the perpetual teacher and illustrator of the great truth of our holy religion—the sight and life of God. It and its virtues are from a higher source.

higher source.

The powers of the air and the instruments of the evil one undermine and honeycomb our faith. They dissipate our manhood. They confound our judgments. They vitiate our tastes and make all discrimination between good and bad

The methods that effect these results are obvious. Buriesques and vilifications of man lessen our faith in man. Individual and social life are dishonored and defamed. Mankind is scandalized by the publication of all phases of crime and vice. Humanity is presented as ridiculous and odious, and faith in anything honorable is destroyed in the minds and hearts. of the readers and hearers of such things. At the coming of the Saviour the masses of mankind were not many removes from the brute, the highest were without faith in anything. There were neither true gods nor true men. All the world was a fraud and a lying vanity, precisely as it is row to the essential worldling and so-ciety man; "careless and fearless of either Heaven or hell-esteeming and deeming it all an idle tale." Faith in the reality of manhood and the dignity of life is the world's greatest want. And that faith has no hope nor rest but the Divine Being, the Rock of our Salvation, Whose life showed to mankind a character which was, and is, everlasting right-eousness. All true men are heroes of faith. The bases of our civilization are the Ten Commandments and the Life and Teachings of Christ; at once the chief corner-stone and the light of life. The agnostic and sceptic is humanity's light-weight, the chaff which the wind bloweth away from the face of the earth, stands for nothing, and means nothin His evidence does not go on the record.

The Charlottesville Progress pays this editorial tribute to the late Charles M. Brand, city editor of that paper and Charlottesville correspondent of the Dis-

"Mr. Brand, whose death occurred this morning, was a man of strong convic-tions and courageous character. Sin-cerity and a love of truth were the traits that impressed most deeply those who knew him intimately and by daily intercourse had unusual opportunity of observing under the play of all kinds of influences. So steady and unbending of influences. So steady and unbehaling were his principles that it was easy to determine his course under any circumstances. Expediency was a policy or a condition which did not enter into the determination of his conduct. To But in his erring be was a member that class of whom Burns said: "They gang a-kennin' wrang." He did not seek the unmanly comfort

of casuistry, nor the solace of self-de-His sincerity made him a loyal friend or an open enemy, and he promptly as-sumed the character which circumstances seemed to him to demand. He be-lieved in his friends, he supported and defended them. In him, in the matter of loyal friendships, there was no variableness, no shadow of turning. We have spoken of his enemies, and to avoid producing a wrong impressions, we should add that he had few. Pursuing his calling as editor, with the courage and constancy and high ideals which should always mark such labors, it was inevitable that misunderstandings and occasional estrangements should regret to the other sentiments to sentiments which

grow up as one lives one's life.

Mr. Brand was the ablest newsgatherer and news-editor the present writer has ever known. His catholic interest, his persevering enthusiasminterest, his persevering enthusiasmthat volatile something which we are
so prone to leave behind us with the
golden days of youth—equipped him as
few men are provided for the efficient
discharge of his burdensome tasks. He
knew what was the news, and he understood how to dress it for appearance
in all circles of readers. His respect
for his profession and his sincerity combined to make his blame and his praise
equally sincere.

HEART DISEASE.

SOME FACTS REGARDING THE RAPID INCREASE OF HEART TROUBLES.

Do Not Be Alarmed, But Look for the Cause.

Heart troubles, at least among Americans, are certainly increasing; and while this may be largely due to the excitement and worry of American business life, it is more often the result of weak stomachs, of poor digestion. Real, organic heart-disease is incura-

ble; but not one case in a hundred of heart-trouble is organic. The close relation between heart-trouble and poor digestion is because both organs are controlled by branches of the same great nerves-the sympathetic and pneu-

mogastric. In another way, also, the heart is affected by that form of poor digestion, which causes gas and fermentation from half-digested food; there is a feeling of oppression and heaviness in the chest, caused by pressure of the distended stomach on the heart and lungs, interfering with their action; hence, arises pulpitation and short breath. tion and short breath.

Poor digestion also poisons the blood, makes it thin and watery, which irritates and weakens the heart.

The most sensible treatment for heart-troubles is to improve the digestion, and

troubles is to improve the digestion, and to insure the prompt assimilation of food. This can best be done by the regular use, after meals, of some safe, pleasant, and effective digestive preparation, like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which may be found at most drugstores, and which contain valuable, harmless, digestive elements, in a pleasant, convenient form. It is safe to say that the regular, persistent use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at meal-time will cure any form of stomach trouble, except cancer of the stomach. ach.

Full-size packages of the Tablets sold
by most druggists at 50 cents, or by mail
from Stuart Company, Marshall, Mich.

Little book on stomach-twoubles mailed
free. Address Stuart Company, Marshall,
Mich.

THEIR FUNNY WAYS. GLARING INCONSISTENCIES.

Wives Admire Their But Are Critical in Their Presence Those Post-Office Doors

sist another woman in the manufacture weirdly fascinating to the weaker sex and old maids delight in it. If ever you drop into a household and find each of the lady members thereof absorbed in lace-work, you can set it down that somebody's going to be married. Don't suppose for a moment that they're making pillow-shams! The funny part about it is that all the time this mystic web is being woven the bride-elect is loudly proclaiming to the world that she has no idea of matrimony; that she wouldn't leave her dear pa and brothers for all the world. She will not only assuch is the vehemence of her perjury that you-a chuckle-headed man-are absolutely deluded. You find yourself surprised that you should have ever credited rumor. Pending these asseverations, you will note the arrival of many packages from the dry-goods stores. You will likewise note that everybody is busy. Perhaps you'll be idlot enough to get off if you are a gibbering maniac you will When a woman is doing lace-work, don't ever ask questions. I used to do it, They would invariably reply that they were fixing a handkerchief border. when they thought I wasn't looking, I could, through the corner of my eye, see a smile go 'round. There are some things about which it is best to keep quiet. This is one of them. Why is it that these women veil their

matrimonial plans in so much mystery, anyhow? They are inconsistent from start to finish. They get howling mad if other women say that nobody's "waiting on them" (Heaven knows, they all keep men waiting); and yet, if you inti-mate that they are going to marry, they bristle up like mad cats. They go out three nights in the week with some fel-low they despise, just to throw people off the track, and the same day they will distribute eighteen pieces of trousseau work among their lady friends. This indiscretion in itself is a better advertisement of the coming nuptials than a three-foot hand-bill scattered over the town. When the chosen one appears snubs him maliciously, and gushes over other men, as if they were pie. The is done to delude the "non-deludable public. The next day the flances will go on Broad street and spend \$39 in Valenciennes, point d'esprit, and organdie. Fifty per cent, of the female popu-lation, who happen to be at the remnant counter, will note the purchases and shout the glad tidings. The other 50 per cent., who show up the next day at he great sweet-soap sales, will be in formed of the expenditures by the shopgirls. The secret is kept so well that, up to three weeks before the ceremony there is not a soul who knows about the approaching marriage, except the immediate family, her closest friends, some 90,000 inhabitants of the city, and thirteen old sweethearts.

My love for dogs has always been as profound as my dislike for cats, which is a most emphatic way of saying that I dote on canines. Cats have bad habits which set an unworthy example to youth. They are out late of nights and indulge in amours that would be fitting subjects remain kittens when they have a chance to do so. But dogs are lacking in all the qualities above alluded to and possess the qualities above alluded to and possess many sweet traits of character. The fact that you are poor cuts no figure with them, and long after your trousers are frayed out at the bottom they may be seen following in your wake. In the darkest hours of affliction, when every other friend tells you that this is "his busy day," your dog will come up and sniff at you in an approving way, which indicates that he likes your flayor. Their indicates that he likes your flavor. Their noses may be cold (and perhaps said noses do run more than those of cats) but their hearis are warm. From my earliest youth I have recognized these noble attributes in canines—qualities entirely lacking in people and cats-and the fondest desire of my youth was to possess a puppy. But my maternal parent had her ideas about dogs, too, and they were at variance with mine. There-fore, I did not get the puppy.

But when I married and won a sweet

companion in starvation, I determined that the first exercise of my authority over her should be the establishment of a puppy in our household. I had looke forward to—in fact, I may say that I had anticipated—a most exciting day in the discussion of this matter, but much ny surprise and even regret, I was me with unprecedented acquiescence puppy came and was the recipient of great attentions. He was round and black and gelatinously fat and altogether amiable and jocose. I felt that a new joy had entered into my life. That night we deposited the precious addition to our household in a backyard barrel, and then trouble followed. First there were refractory scratchings within, and then a reproachful whine, and later on a series of yelpings that lapsed from diminuen-does into crescendoes of the loudest kind. At the end of an hour I began to lose, in some degree, my enthusiasm for dogs, and at 12 o'clock, midnight, I heaped maledictions on the whole species. But the puppy still yelped and every minute increased his vigor in this ac-complishment. My wife slept through it all-a thing that greatly embittered me against her. And still the puppy yelped against her. And still the puppy yelped. At early morning, with a look of grim determination on my wan face, I arose and conducted the adolescent canine to the suburbs with the fixed intention of there deserting him. After trying for some time to interest him in the scenery. I succeeded in giving him the shake and started home in a more genial mood. When I reached my domicile the obese young quadruped was awaiting me on the front porch with a look of excessive, unsuspecting amiability. As Mrs. Malaunsuspecting amiability. As Mrs. Mala-prop would say: "I had gone first and the puppy had preceded me." For days thereafter, I devoted my sole attentions to a conscientious effort to give that dog away, but the precious gift invariably dog away, but the precious gift invariably reverted to me. And every night he held forth in the barrel and my wife was not disturbed thereby. By and by he learned en uncomfortable rainy days to take siestas on my bed and to shed the blessings of his fleas throughout the whole household. Strange to say, these fleas never showed the slightest cordiality to any one save myself. I still have the dog and pay a license of \$3 per have the dog and pay a license of \$3 annum on him. I also have the fleas.

Marriage may be a failure (owing ninety-nine times out of a hundred to the fact that the men who indulge in it are failures), but all the same, you'll never see a woman who won't swear by her husband when she gossips with other women. When they get together they brag about their consorts just as small boys do about their sore toes. Each may hate the other woman's husband like smoke, but in such feminine colloquies she would not dare assert her disilke. Poor, dumb creatures! How they struggle to keep the bright side up. Just as a long coat-tail will ofttimes hide an ugly patch, so a brave, cheerful spirit fre-

canker worm. I have over and over again, when I conversed with other women, been astonished to hear the sweet things my wife has said concerning me. From other lips, save those that censured me for cutting holes in socks, I have learned that my spouse admired my character, lauded my sweetness of disposition, commended my winning ways, and chuckled over my jokes. Nevereven though the insurance policy I carry causes me to be centenarian—shall I fall to appreciate these tender assertions of fact. I could forgive my vorst enemy for saying pleasant things acout me. And so, when I receive this hearsny evidence of my consort's admiration, I go home sweeter and more winning than ever. Sometimes, in the glow of my uxoriousness, I buy a pound of dried peaches and a box of cigars on my way to our residence. I conceive of something tender I shall say in presenting them. I trip up the front porch lightly and she meets me. All in one voice she says: "Don't come in here 'till you wipe your feet; now shut the door. Don't leave those overshoes in the middle of the parlor as you always do. You shan't smoke in the sitting-room. Another button off your vest, of course, Forgot to order the lor as you always do. You shan't smoke in the sitting-room. Another button off your vest, of course. Forgot to order the coal, did you?—just like a man. Where's the tooth-powder I told you to get? Been talking on the corner, I suppose, while the dinner has been kept waiting," and words of like effect. • • All of which convinces me that the law is quite right in repudiating hearsay evidence as absolutely unreliable.

solutely unreliable. "Uncle Billy" Cullingworth, our post master, who for three years past has sold us George Washington's face at 2 sold us George Washington's face at 2 cents per inch, is a man of worth and weight. Despite the fact that there is some complaint that it only costs him 5 cents to ride on a street-car, the public feel kindly toward him and are inclined to overlook his faults, if he has any. In my opinion, he never did but one wrong thing in his life, and that was when he put those rat-trap doors on the post-office. To get into Uncie Sam's stamp-store one undergoes as many vicissitudes as the frog in the weil. You stamp-store one undergoes as many vices situdes as the frog in the well. You rush up and hurl yourself against on side of the entrance, only to find a bline door and then when you get righted you discover that the door pushes in instead of out. Meanwhile, the mob on the in-side are anathematizing you for holding them back, and altogether, the air is laden with expictives. The more you struggle the worse you fare. You are like a squirrel in a revolving cage, and the whole farce is enacted on the very your office. And what puzzles me the most of all, is the question: "How do Unk'l Billy, hisself, get in the post-office" THE IDLE REPORTER.

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